This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06826579 6

Hon. J. M.ᵗ Stewardson

from their affᵗ friends

Cousin M. L. Reese.

5ᵗʰ mo/67.

MEMOIR

OF

OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER

SUSAN S. REEVE,

Who Departed this Life Tenth month 4th, 1866,
in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

BY HER PARENTS,

J. R. and M. S. Reeve.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power."

Rev. 20th chap. 6th verse.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION ONLY.

1867.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
5547768
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1950 L

W. H. PILE, Printer.

MEMOIR.

In preparing this little memoir of our beloved daughter, Susan S. Reeve, it is with a desire that that grace may be magnified, which enabled her to triumph in the prospect of death, and that others through the medium of her testimony, may be afresh encouraged to press toward the attainment of the same blessed hope; which can only be arrived at through submission to the grace of God, whereby is experienced repentance unto life and true and saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

May the ardent desire expressed on her death bed, that God might be glorified, be realized in the perusal of this record; and while her memory is sweet to her surviving friends, may the impression produced by the

touching incidents of her close not lightly pass away, but remain as a salutary incitement to diligence in the all important work of the salvation of the soul.

She was born First mo. 24th, 1833, and early gave evidence of a vigorous intellect, and a disposition remarkable for its sweetness and delicacy, with an originality of thought and expression which were peculiar to herself, and made her childhood very attractive.

At a very early age she was impressed with the great importance of yielding implicit obedience to the secret manifestations of the spirit of grace upon her heart, and was remarkable for her strict adherence to the truth in all her statements, and carefulness to impress upon others this important duty.

As she advanced she manifested increasing desire for intellectual improvement, and was careful to embrace the opportunities afforded by a liberal education and access to several public as well as private libraries.

From these she uniformily selected standard works calculated to enlarge and elevate her mind, which became well stored on many subjects, and her conversation being cheerful and animated, occasioned her society to be much valued by a large circle of acquaintance, many of whom have borne precious testimony to her lovely life and character.

Tenderly affectionate and considerate of the comfort and pleasure of all around her (regardless of position,) she was greatly esteemed and beloved; and as she matured was not only the sweet and loving sister, but also the wise and able counsellor of her beloved and devoted brothers and sister, to whom with her deeply afflicted parents, her loss is indeed irreparably great.

The expressive language of one who knew and loved her well, may, perhaps, be quoted here. "For her there needs no written eulogy. She was so sweet, so pure, and so unselfish, that so long as any one lives who ever knew her, so long shall her memory be kept *warm;* and to her is fulfilled the pro-

mise, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

But while thus gifted with many personal and mental attractions, she was deeply sensible of the necessity of experiencing the work of regeneration; and though evidently from year to year witnessing an advancement in the way of life, manifested by the increased simplicity and purity of her whole character, and also by her earnest desire that a standard of pure christianity might be maintained, her sentiment in regard to her own religious attainments, was ever most humble and modest; and though much in the practice of religious reading and conversation (in which she took increasing interest,) with her beloved parents, to whom she was a most precious companion, she rarely spoke of herself, except to express her sense of her own shortcomings and deficiencies.

Her brother, Dr. J. Reeve, (who resided with his uncle and aunt at Medford,) was taken suddenly ill with diptheria on the night of the 15th of Ninth mo. 1866, and the

next morning being First day, on her accompanying the family to meeting, finding him suffering very much, and her mother detained at home by indisposition, she remained with him till evening.

For the ten days which preceded her illness, during which she was frequently with him, her tenderly affectionate heart was wrung with anguish at witnessing his extreme suffering, and also in the fear that he would be taken from us without witnessing that preparation of heart which she felt to be of more importance than anything else.

She often retired to an adjoining room where she could weep freely, saying, "Oh, mother, does thee think he will *die?*" adding several times, "but if I take it, I *shall die!*" On the night of the 26th she sat up with him till after midnight, having expressed a particular desire to do so, and which proved her last interview with this beloved and cherished brother, to whom her heart was bound in the strongest ties of affection.

Taking a hasty leave of him in the morning at an early hour, she rode home and entered with her accustomed energy upon the duties of the household till about 10 o'clock A. M., when she was seized with a heavy chill and retired to her chamber.

Fearing to alarm her parents, she wrote a cheerful note by the messenger who went for her uncle, Dr. Ely, to say she thought "it was only a nervous chill, and her throat was not at all sore."

Her symptoms continued very much lighter than her brother's, and we were hopeful of a favorable result for several days.

From what we have since learned, she was early impressed with the belief she should not recover, but with her wonted consideration for her tenderly beloved mother she carefully concealed it, fearing, doubtless, that in her exhausted state it might prove more than she could bear.

Her much loved and long tried friend, E. H., having most kindly come to us in our deep distress, was with her almost constantly,

and on Seventh day had a long and very interesting religious conversation with her, in which she expressed much that was instructive, and at the close queried, "Lizzie dear, does thee think I will recover?" but finding her friend quite unprepared for anything else, she said no more.

On First and Second day she seemed pretty comfortable, with but little apparent suffering, and her mother having had a small bed placed in the nursery whither she had been removed, took some rest.

On second day night E. H., feeling as if she should now have to return home, and believing her. dear Susie not alarmingly ill, said on retiring, "I will be back on sixth day, if thee needs me." After the door was closed she said to a kind friend who assisted in watching her, "Sixth day will be too late," who, supposing she alluded to some arrangement, thought but little of it.

In the morning E. H. coming in to take leave of her, she took her slate and wrote upon it (her voice having become somewhat

affected,) "How shall I thank thee, and say *farewell!* for I feel like Job when he sat in the dust, with ashes on his head." After her friend had left the room she said, "We have seen each other's faces for the last time."

Third-day morning. She sat up for some time and said she felt better, and her kind physicians were favorably impressed with the appearance of the throat.

Several dear friends were with us during the day, and she was so bright and cheerful, they left, with but little apprehension of danger. That night, at her most earnest request, her mother left her room for a short time, being greatly in need of rest, leaving a kind friend with her. In about an hour she was greatly alarmed on being called, to find her delirious; but taking her in her arms and gently soothing her, it soon subsided, when she said "Mother dear, thee will miss me," she replied, "Oh, my darling, I hope I shall not have to part with thee."

She soon after fell asleep, and in the morning awoke pretty comfortable, and had the

usual arrangements made for the day without apparent fatigue.

During this day (which was Fourth-day,) her symptoms became more alarming, and toward evening she was seized with a hoarseness and oppression. She manifested no particular anxiety, but inquired if it was membranous croup that was coming on.

Toward midnight her beloved cousin, E. P. S.,* (who had been with us since Third-day eve,) went to her bedside, distressed at the anxiety felt and expressed out of the room by her suffering mother, lest she should lose her precious child. Dear Susie pressed her hand, and with an earnest look never to be forgotten, said, "Cousin Lizzie, this is a solemn moment to me; it may be the last night of my life." After some remarks by her cousin she said, "To believe and repent is the whole work." E. P. S.—"It is a simple work." "Yes," she sweetly responded, "a simple work, but so solemn!"

* It is to this beloved cousin we are indebted for the *verbatim* record of most of these dying expressions.

Soon after this her father, to whom her very soul was knit, not only in the tenderest bonds of filial affection, but also in the bond of true christian fellowship, informed her, her physicians, who had been summoned, considered her very ill, but not hopelessly so; at which she manifested a great deal of feeling, saying, "Father, pray for me! pray that my soul may be saved!" and said she did not feel that full ability to pray which she desired. On his going again to her bedside a little while after she said, "I believe the Lord will have mercy upon me, and if so, it would be better for me to die now than to live longer, and, perhaps, not walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called."

From this time for several hours she was engaged in an earnest wrestling with her God, that she might know her salvation fully wrought out, and have the assurance that through the washing of the blood of Christ, she was prepared for admittance into His heavenly kingdom.

As her bodily sufferings increased to ex-

treme agony, her mind was the more concentrated upon the one all important subject, saying, "He never said to the wrestling seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain, &c."

After this period of deep exercise she became much more calm, and we now approach with sacred solemnity the closing hours of her beautiful earthly life, and accompany her as far as intense human sympathy is permitted, to the verge of that blessed, glorious, and eternal life upon which we are soon to behold her entering.

Toward morning she broke forth at intervals in such expressions as these: "Oh, what will the airs of Heaven be, compared with this agony!" "Dear mother, thee will miss me, but to depart and be with Christ is far better." "Isn't it a mercy to die!" Again, "I am the chief of sinners." "Dear J—— would like to have seen my face once more; tell him I wish I had been a better sister."

To those around her bed, "Don't leave repentance to a death bed." And to her be-

loved brother R., "Brother that has come to me, which is in store for thee." "The Lord will take care of mother." Soon after, "Mother, does thee think I am deceived? I have been such a sinner!" Alluding to her brothers she said, "Love the Lord Jesus, tell them to serve Him, and He will be better to them than ten sisters, and all this world can give." "Will I go in an hour or two? I am perfectly willing." "Don't ascribe the least credit to the creature! I have been a miserable sinner!" Again, "Oh, glory be to His name, who has enabled me to see this day." "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

Soon after this she said, "I want a little brighter evidence as I go. Mother, does thee think I shall have it?" "Oh Lord, *dear* Lord, tarry not, but come! Oh tarry not." "He will not leave His poor worms alone; He loved us before we loved Him." After a pause she said, "I can scarcely tell you how these feelings first came to me. It was just like a little ray of hope, and light,

and faith, and now they have increased, till my heart is filled with them."

Her father being obliged to leave her, to convey to her suffering brother the heart-breaking intelligence that his darling sister's end was approaching, she said, "It seems as if I cannot die till father comes." "Oh, a little more patience, dear Lord, a little more! Oh, *do* serve Him, *do love Him*, dear brother. He has been *very* kind to me." "Oh, what is all this world; it is worse than dross." "Dear father! I wish he would come." "Mother dear, wipe the death damps from my brow; moisten my lips a little!" "Oh, Lord, keep me in patience to the end. "Bid grandmother *farewell*, and *all who love me, and whom I love.*"

Several of the family now coming in she took an affectionate leave of them, expressing her appreciation of their kindness to her, and addressing them individually, exhorted them "to serve the Lord, but to *love* Him *first of all.*"

Shortly after, a beloved cousin coming in

for a few minutes, she looked tenderly at her, saying, "Farewell, dear cousin. Love the Lord Jesus and serve Him; He will be better to thee than many earthly friends." "Tell —— all his reading the Bible will do him no good, unless he loves the Lord Jesus." "Perhaps I have been unjust to him—forgive me—tell him; and every one forgive me, as I am forgiven by my Father in heaven." "Tell them its *pure mercy*, *pure mercy* I have received."

In great suffering she raised her hands exclaiming, "Dear Lord, tarry not! but come. Oh, dear mother!" Agonized at witnessing her distress, her mother said, "Dear daughter, mother cheerfully gives thee up to be forever with the Lord," when she repeated solemnly,

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead, is in that word,
'Tis immortality!"

"Oh pray for patience." Her father having now returned, in allusion to her great sufferings, repeated the lines,—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She replied, "Yes, but I must feel it,"—"I want to see Him!" "I have had many friends, but who could help me through this hour but Him." "I thought the dear Lord would have come a little sooner; but not my will, but *Thine* be done." "Pray for me!" and with her hands clasped high in the air, "Dear Lord, come!" "Dear Saviour, patience!" "Dear Lord, have compassion for Thy mercy's sake on this miserable worm of the dust." Oh, dear Lord Jesus, surely Thou hast not forgotten; *surely* the workmanship of Thy hands." "A miserable sinner, a miserable sinner!"

"Oh, Saviour, I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just MY OWN EXCEEDING NEED,
AND THY EXCEEDING LOVE."

"Oh, I do not see as clearly as I want to."

"Oh, Lord, if in mercy Thou could'st give perfect clearness to my poor never dying soul." "Oh, for a little clearer evidence of the forgiveness of my sins." "*Wash me in thy blood, dear Lord!*" "Father, is thee praying for a little more light in the dark valley?" "What have I ever done for Christ! not a thing. What has He done for me!"

Looking at her parents she said, in her own sweet, pleasant way; "Not just yet, will you hold out?" Then turning to one of her kind physicians she said, "Dr. S., is there nothing can be done to lessen this agony?" but fearing she had not appealed to the highest source she said "But *I* know *nothing* but the *Lord.*" "I always thought it would be a hard death to die, but I am willing to bear it, if the Lord will take me at the end." "Oh, doctor, I do not want to get better." "Jesus take me *now*, if it be Thy will." "Oh make me ready, *perfectly.*"

Some of the symptoms of immediate departure having subsided, and a slight reaction taking place she said, "Oh, my dear friends,

I cannot keep you standing any longer. I shall tire you all out *dying.*" "Father, I thought I was going to die. Dear Lord, whether I live or die I'll praise thee." Her mother said, "Thy Saviour passed through this before thee, Susie." "Yes,—sweat blood," was her emphatic reply. "This is the victory!" "If I am raised up it will be for some purpose of His glory." "Oh, Lord! dear Lord, *Thy* will, *Thy* glory, not mine." "Dear Lord, I have done nothing for Thee."

Alluding to what her mother was enduring, she said, "Mother dear, I think thee had better leave the room." The reply was, "No, my darling, I am supported by His presence." In great suffering she said, "Dr. S., how long does thee think I can last?" Again, "It is easy enough to say glory when we see the crown, but when we see the cross and the agony, *oh, then, then!*" "Is my pulse strong yet?" "Father, I thought I was going to glory." "It's a fiery trial." "Dear Lord, *He sweat drops of blood.*" Her father said, "I hope thy sufferings may abate, my darl-

547768

ing," to which she replied, "I will wait the Lord's time, *all* His time." "Have you sent for George?" (her absent brother.) Dr. S. offering her an anodyne she said, "I do not want to go into eternity with anodyne." Dr. S.—"This will not cloud thee, Susie." As she swallowed it she said most solemnly, placing her hands upon her breast, "Dying! dying! Oh the agony at my heart." "Oh, dear Lord!"

Her mother said, "The Lord will be with thee to the end, my sweetest creature." "Heavenly Father be pleased to make it easy to my dear child to lay aside this body." "Now, soon it will all be over my darling." She ejaculated, "Glorious! gracious! O Lord come!" "My sufferings are very great." "I fear my faith will not hold out;" "Pray for me."

Her mother said, "Heavenly Father, mitigate these sufferings! Stretch forth Thy Holy hand to help." Her uncle doctor bringing her some medicine, she said, "Don't give me any thing more;" Leave it in the Lord's

hands." "Am I warm yet?" The nurse replied, "yes!" at which she manifested some disappointment. "This is the body only, my sweet child:" her mother said, "Oh, take her to Thy bosom, comfort her with Thy Holy presence."

In the midst of her great distress she turned to her dear uncle, saying, "Uncle doctor, the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the crown laid up in store for those who love the Lord Jesus." Then fixing her eyes, glowing with tenderness, upon her father, she said, "Dear father, thee has had many trials: in the world ye shall have tribulation; but, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Adding much more of a sweetly comforting and encouraging nature. Then said: "I hoped to have seen the time when the church would have arisen out of the wilderness, but I shall only see it now in Heaven." "The narrow way is through many tribulations, but be of good cheer." "I think I see the way more clear." Then raising her hands: "A little patience,

a little patience, and then, the glory of Thy name through countless ages."

To her brother, who came with many tears and kissing her fondly, said, "Oh, dear, dear sister, don't *die*, Oh don't die, how can I live without thee;" she said, looking tenderly at him; "My darling, darling brother, love the Lord Jesus, and serve Him, *He* will be better to thee than I have been." "Faithful brother I love thee dearly." He said, "Oh sister, will thee forgive me!" She replied, "Forgive thee! What have I to do with forgiveness, when the Lord has forgiven me."

Her beloved aunt, M. R. E., who had hitherto been unable to leave Dr. Reeve, now coming in, she said, "Farewell dear aunty, thee has been a faithful aunt to me, meet me in Heaven, if I am favored to get there to night."

A little more feeling being manifested in the room, she said, waving her hand gently, "Hush, dear friends, let us bid a still farewell."

Her uncle doctor, bringing her a touching message from her sick brother, lamenting that he should see her face no more; she turned quickly to him, saying, "Did he see the chariot of fire that was to part us asunder?" "Tell him I love him a thousand times better than I ever did before." "He has been a good and faithful brother to me, and I want to meet him in Heaven." On his then offering her a teaspoonful of water, she said, "Please don't ask a dying woman to drink of any thing but the waters of Shiloh,"— "Uncle doctor, what gives me this anguish so long?" "It is a slow death." She then left a message for her dear George and E. H.

Soon after this her uncle D. S. coming in, said to her, "Grandmother lay awake all night thinking about *thee*, dear Susie;" to which she replied most impressively, "*I* lay awake thinking about *dying*." Soon after she said, "Serving the Lord is the only thing worth living for." "I see it, I see it." "It is not saying, Lord, Lord, but doing the will of our Father in Heaven." "I could not

help, having some doubts at first, for I had not loved my Heavenly Father *always above all things*, as I ought, but I do now."

Then turning to her agonized mother, she said sweetly, "Mother dear, do not give an extensive invitation to my funeral, and let every thing be plain." You sit in this room, and let my remains be in the next." She then distributed her watch, &c., among her friends.

The time of release appeared evidently drawing near, and the intensity of her sufferings much abated.

Looking calmly and sweetly upon her weeping friends she said, "Farewell dear father, dear mother, dear brothers, sister, and all." "Jesus is more true than they." "*Jesus* answers, 'all in one.'"

Her mother now taking an affectionate farewell of her beloved and cherished child and bosom companion, she lay silently for a few moments, when she said sweetly, "I think I have a glimpse of a little mansion preparing for me;" "I could not bear my sufferings if it were not for this assurance."

Her sister coming to her, she looked at her most tenderly, and smiling sweetly said, "Farewell sweet sister." E. said, weeping, "Will thee forgive me sister;" she replied, "Forgive thee darling? a hundred times." "I wish I had set thee a better example." Soon after, "Behold the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come into His temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in, and He shall sit as a *refiner*,—*a refiner*."

About this time raising her hands and eyes upwards, she said, "Washed! washed! washed!" At another time, "I am *nothing*, Christ is all." Again, "I tremble for every word I utter, lest it should not be founded upon the Rock." "Oh, the coming of the glory of the Lord in the clouds." Then turning toward the setting sun, which was in full view from the open window, and was unusually beautiful, she said, "The west is still glorious!" Soon after, "Let me go, the day breaketh!" "Lord Jesus, tarry not!" "The day breaketh!—we must go—the day of the Lord!" "Oh, take me away!"

"Yes darling," her mother said, "The blessed Saviour has come to take thee home." Raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." "As a sail that is set for a journey." "Now is my salvation nearer than when I believed."

Turning tenderly toward her mother, she queried, "Mother *may* I go!" The reply was, "Yes, darling, I resign thee to the Lord." When she said, "Take me home!" "Father take me in thy arms." "I do not feel any thing more particularly to say, but would rather depart and be with Christ." "Justice and mercy are around about." Again, "I think I have a little glimpse of His chariot, coming in the clouds." "A wedding feast! A lovely home!" "I want to go to meet him—for it becometh a bride."

Soon after, ""I have seen his face, and I am satisfied!" Again, "Lord Jesus come quickly, into thy hands I commit my spirit." And after a short pause, with her eyes fixed, as in rapt vision she beheld the opening of the glory of the eternal world, she exclaimed,

"O Lord Jesus receive my spirit into Thy Heavenly Kingdom—where I shall forever—celebrate—Thy praise—Amen!"

These were nearly her last words, a state of unconsciousness soon being manifest, which continued about an hour; when, at half-past six o'clock of the evening of this day, (which was the 4th of Tenth month, 1866, and the 5th of the week,) she quietly and sweetly departed; and as one falleth into a sleep, so gently did she lay aside the frail shackles of mortality, and enter into that glorious rest, prepared for the children of God.

"Rest, sweet one, rest!
In the green pastures on the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more.
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest loved one, rest!"